

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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MARTYRS.

WILLIAM did not fail to remind his mother of her promise to tell him more stories of martyrs. She hesitated a few moments, and then began. There is a terrible story in the Apocrypha, which is almost too painful to relate, and which is yet so glorious and inspiring that I believe I must tell it to you. I almost forget as I read it the pain, in the joy, which the idea of such a triumph of the soul over the body inspires, and it is not only over the body that the soul triumphs as you will see in this story, but over itself. You will see the mother's love for her child's truth and fidelity to the law of God triumphing over her love of his life. You will see the higher passions conquering the lower ones. You will see the soul showing itself supreme master, defying suffering, defying death, still more, defying the promise of all the pleasures of this life to turn it from its allegiance to duty and to God the fountain of its immortality.

VOL. IV.

William's mother took an old Bible, and partly read and partly related as follows.

About one hundred and seventy-six years before Christ, the Jews were under the dominion of Antiochus king of Assyria. He had inflicted all sorts of cruelties upon them—had sent his soldiers into their city with orders to slay all the inhabitants that they found there. Eighty thousand had been slain, and as many sold into slavery. All who could leave the city fled into the neighboring woods. Antiochus was not contented with this, but as it says in the account, "He presumed to go into the most holy temple of all the world, Menelaus that traitor to the laws and to his own country being his guide," and he with the aid of this wicked Jew, destroyed or gave away to his soldiers all the holy things belonging to the temple, and set up cruel governors over the people, one of whom was the traitor Menelaus. But even this did not satisfy the cruelty of the king, for he saw that in spite of all their sufferings the Jews were faithful to the law of Moses, that he had not conquered their spirits, so "He sent a man to compel them to depart from the law of their fathers, and not to live after the laws of God; and set up the statue of Jupiter in their holy temple, and called it the temple of Jupiter." He made it unlawful for a man to keep the Sabbath or to call himself a Jew; and commanded them to join in the processions in honor of Bacchus the god of wine, and to eat of the sacrifices to him, and he commanded that those who did not obey the law should be put to death. It was against the law of Moses to eat pork, and they tried to force an old man called Eleazer to eat it, but he chose death and the cruel torment which they also inflicted previous to death rather

than do what he considered contrary to the law of God. Some friends who pitied him when he was about being led away to be tormented, urged him to eat some other meat, allowed by the law, and pretend to be eating of the forbidden meat; but it says, "He began to consider discreetly, and as became his age, and the excellency of his ancient years, and the honor of his gray head whereunto he was come, and his most honest education from a child, or rather the holy law made and given by God: therefore he answered accordingly, and willed them straightway to send him to the grave.

For it becometh not (said he) in any wise to dissemble, whereby many young persons might think that Eleazar being fourscore years old and ten, were now gone to a strange religion.

And so they through mine hypocrisy and desire to live a little time, and a moment longer, should be deceived by me, and I get a stain to mine old age and make it abominable.

For though for the present time I should be delivered from the punishment of men, yet should I not escape the hand of the Almighty, neither alive nor dead.

Wherefore now manfully changing this life, I will show myself such an one as mine age requireth. And leave a notable example to such as be young to die willingly and courageously for the honorable and holy laws: and when he had said these words immediately he went to the torment."

After this seven brethren with their mother were taken and compelled by the king against the law to taste swine's flesh, and were tormented with scourges and whips. "But one of them that spoke first said thus, What

wouldst thou ask or learn of us? We are ready to die rather than transgress the laws of our fathers."

It is related that the king being in a rage, then ordered them to be tormented, but "They exhorted one another with the mother to die manfully." When they were asked whether to save their lives and be relieved from misery they would eat the forbidden thing, in the midst of his agony one answered, "Thou like a fury takest us out of this present life, but the King of the world shall raise us up who have died for his laws, unto everlasting life."

These brave men offered their hands to the tormentors "and said courageously, These I had from Heaven; and for his laws I despise them, and from him I hope to receive them again." Thus died six of these glorious brethren. "But" it is said, "the mother was marvellous above all and worthy of honorable memory, for when she saw her seven sons slain within the space of one day, she bore it with a good courage because of the hope she had in the Lord. Yea, she exhorted every one of them in her own language, filled with courageous spirit; and stirring up her womanish thoughts with a manly stomach, she said unto them, I neither gave you breath, nor life, neither was it I that formed the members of every one of you; but doubtless the Creator of the world who formed the generation of man, and found out the beginning of all things, will also of his own mercy give you breath and life again as you now regard not your own selves for his laws' sake.

Now Antiochus thinking himself despised, and suspecting it to be a reproachful speech whilst the youngest was yet alive, did not only exhort him by words, but also assured him with oaths that he would make him both a

rich and a happy man, if he would turn from the laws of his fathers; and that he would also take him for his friend and trust him with affairs.

But when the young man would in no case hearken unto him, the king called his mother and exhorted her that she would counsel the young man to save his life.

And when he had exhorted her with many words, she promised him that she would counsel her son. But she bowing herself towards him laughing the cruel tyrant to scorn spoke in her country language on this manner; O my son, have pity on me that bore thee, and gave thee suck three years, and nourished thee, and brought thee up unto this age, and endured the troubles of education.

I beseech thee, my son, look upon the heaven and the earth, and all that is therein, and consider that God made them of things that were not; and so was mankind made likewise. Fear not this tormentor, but being worthy of thy brethren, take thy death, that I may receive thee again in mercy with thy brethren.

While she was yet speaking these words, the young man said, Whom wait ye for? I will not obey the king's commandment: but I will obey the commandment of the law that was given unto our father Moses."

Then this one, the youngest of them all, reproached the king to his face for his cruelty, and warned him against the punishment which awaited him. "Then the king being in a rage, handled him worse than all the rest.

So this man died undefiled, and put his whole trust in the Lord. Last of all after the sons, the mother died."

"How glad she must have been to die," said William. " 'Tis a terrible story, and yet some how or other it

makes one feel very brave. I like very much, mother, the expression of the old man who died first—‘manfully changing this life’; he does not seem to think of real death, nor does the mother or her sons. I think if I were tempted to save my life by doing wrong, I should remember the words of the Hebrew mother to her last, her youngest son; they would give me courage.”

After a silence of some minutes William asked his mother what was the meaning of Apocrypha.

It means hidden, not known, without established authority; as it relates to the books in the Bible it means not thought to have the sanction of the church.

“Are they thought untrue, mother?”

No, not the history of the Maccabees, I believe. They are recognized as true history, but the writer’s name is not known, and there is not the same knowledge of these books as of some other parts of the Bible. One thing is indisputable, that the story is there, and that some human heart conceived it, and some human hand wrote it, and that all hearts recognize its glory and feel the grand truth it teaches, that man is greater than any evil circumstances in which he may be placed, that there is no death to the faithful soul. E. L. F.

THE BEAUTY OF AN EARLY DEATH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF RICHTER.

EVERY thoughtful reader, whether young or old, will be arrested by the title of this essay; and though our youngest readers will be unable to appreciate its profound philosophy and exuberant sentiment, it still con-

tains so much to reward the attention, and stimulate the reflections of those who have passed the period of childhood, that we are unwilling to withhold it.—It was the remark of an aged clergyman, many years since, that he had rarely, if ever, been called to the bed-side of any young person, who appeared to be unwilling to die. And since every day's experience shows that no age is exempt from the sentence of mortality, it cannot be unprofitable for the youthful mind to be furnished with the power of analysing its own capacities and aspirations; and though the reflections here suggested do not appeal to religion for their basis, they will not be found in opposition to her teachings.

The prevailing opinion of many moralists, especially in this section of the country, is becoming so adverse to war of every sort, that objections may arise to the concluding pages of this treatise. Yet justice to the gifted author, and admiration of his generous wish to shed balm into the wounded hearts of the numerous parents who were then mourning the loss of their blooming sons, and for whose sake the whole essay was probably written, seemed to require that it should appear entire. It must be remembered that Germany had just poured forth the blood of her young men like water, in defence of all the privileges for which our fathers fought, and to free herself from an oppression more galling than they ever suffered; and we may imagine the mournful pleasure derived by multitudes of aching hearts, from the assurance here inscribed by the pen of Genius, that this blood had not been shed in vain.

The seeming want of reverence for old age, forms in the mind of the translator a far more serious objection;

but a careful examination shows that the object of Richter was merely to indicate the *natural* propensities of the two periods, comprising the growth and the decline of human life—to paint with glowing colours the advantages and enjoyments attendant upon youth, and contrast them with the obstructions and infirmities incident to old age. It still remains an everlasting truth, that those who neglect to improve by their own exertions the royal dowry bestowed upon them when entering on life, must soon degenerate into low and worthless characters; while the hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.

“ Were we to speak of the period of life’s deepest happiness we should not assign it to childhood, but to the years of the youth and the maiden. The joys of childhood’s garden are spring flowerets, pretty but little, the delicately coloured, yet scentless forget-me-not; the more elevated luxurious pleasures of the understanding and the heart are not yet developed, and the parti-coloured world of the ideal still lays folded up in a dark germ. How differently, and how much more widely shines the period of youth! The heavenly season of first friendship—first love—first philosophy—the first full enjoyment of nature, music, and the stage—the first sketches of air-castles for futurity, and the first energetic preparation for actual labour. This season is not only the one above others which can never return again—such indeed is every season—but it is the highest, the culminating point of life, precisely because like the time of the full blossom, it supplies the future fruit with beautiful hulls; for the germ, when it is unfolding, needs a more active impulse of the sap, than after it is unfolded. The blooming

youth is more vehement than the mature man. While the man, after a certain age, can rarely be brought into a new path of knowledge, or a higher moral path of life, youth, on the contrary, decides with inextinguishable ardour in favour of some system of philosophy, the overturn of some of his former habits of life, or a total reformation—the latter however demands greater energy than the slothful stand-still attitude. In proportion as the highest degree of bodily vigour, the most perfect health, the prospect of the longest life, the greatest beauty, in short, as the highest corporeal blessings fall to the lot of youth—so, and for the same reason—spiritual treasures belong to it, not by acquisition, but by inheritance. Knowledge, experience, practice are necessarily the fruit only of age and effort; but what are these in comparison with the ideal delight at our first acquisitions, when the tree of knowledge is putting forth its shoots just after it has been engrafted into the tree of life—with the rapture inspired by the new truths of geometry, philosophy, or any other favorite science to which we naturally incline? For even in science, notwithstanding its expansiveness, the full grown man descends from the mountain top of the ideal, to the level plain of the actual.—Youth is a full moon, reflecting the splendour of a magic sun; age is the new moon, to which the working-day-Earth (life) imparts a scanty light.

How warmly glow the youth and the maiden in behalf of great hearts and great sacrifices; how hot is their indignation at the baseness which crawls, and the selfishness which wriggles! Does not each of them fill the cold cemetery of future reality, with a stately sun-temple, formed of radiant deeds? The youth ventures, the man only

deliberates whether he shall risk again what he has once ventured. The youth amid the happy present, believes in a still happier future upon earth, for himself and his friends—he believes that the nations are ripening with him and like him, and that a Son of God need only stand on the mountains and pinnacles of the world, for the devils to pay him homage. In his own breast he sees divine heights—there stands the ideal, firm and unshaken. The old man on the other part, sees these heights only faintly shadowed forth on this changeable life, just as the images of the firm towering Alps flicker on the surface of the rolling ocean.—The warm moral impulses of the youth are, it is true, obstructed but too easily, first, by his want of practice in well-doing, and next by his passions; indeed the holy fire within him is most generally smothered by the cloud-pillars of the latter. Anger, ambition, love, are the disturbing vapours of youth, yet even these are in closer alliance with morality than the interested propensities of old age, fear, covetousness, quiet, selfish pleasure-seeking. For it is the old man only, not the youth, who seeks his pleasures in solitude. Age produces the mossy excrescences of debility, youth the green weeds of vigour. Indeed the chief part of our morality in old age, is nurtured by the visions and aims which we entertained in youth.

If youth beholds the remainder of life filled only with ideal blossoms, and age sees it full of dry stalks—the difference of these views does not consist in the different degrees of distance; for although the bright colours and fragrance of life's rose-bush are alone perceived from afar by the youth, without its thorns; yet the roses within his reach are also free from thorns, and full of rich per-

fumes and dazzling colours. Age, on the other hand, is not only incapable of illusion from what is distant—the present of course can offer none—but it is disenchanted of the illusions which it once enjoyed, and they are succeeded by a dark vapour, like the smoke of the wizard. —Strange indeed; that instead of ascribing these effects to the strength of youth and the infirmity of age, we draw the opposite conclusion. Our own opulence is necessary in order to lend ideality to the actual, and it must be poured over the dry life outside of us from the riches of our own inward fulness. He who has nothing can give nothing to the plain reality—such is the dweller in the desert, the idiot, and the old man. The youth looks out on futurity, as laden with gifts for himself and for the nations; like the mariner who beneath the blue green wave beholds the sea-grass and glistening shells magnified into stately forests and parti-coloured rocks, seeming near enough to be touched, while the old man sinks down to the slimy bottom, and what he sees and feels there—we know. Every youth, even the prosaic, is *almost* a poet—so too the maiden, for a brief period, is a poetess—both of them, at least, in the season of love; or rather, pure love is a short poem, as poetry is a long love. Hence the highest form of love is in alliance with death and its symbols, the grave-yard and mourning. Not with the unhappy alone, but even with happy lovers, the funereal is lighted close upon the hymeneal torch; and the bridal altar stands near the sepulchre, like kindred mounds side by side in one temple. Never, at this season of vigour, can the desire to die, the taste for death and its appendages, proceed from weakness—for the withered old man loves to stand in his deep gray twilight,

ever lingering before his narrow house, and will not be carried into his still resting place until the last moment—but the poetic faculty of youth, (apart from the physical proximity of all high points, love, death, &c., which has been insisted on by others) performs this prodigy, by rendering its capacity of love too vast for this narrow sphere of earth, and causing it to expatiate in a heaven which can be attained only through death. This same poetic power decorates every pain; it causes every tear to glisten, and every thorn to look green. While the aged and the man of prose carry about with them the carking cares of life, like skeleton bones, sharply defined and fleshless—as the pike is said to resemble in his conformation a crucifix—the youthful brain and the poetic imagination convert these cares into passion-flowers, resembling still in form the instruments of torture, but how beautified, how softened, in what colours!—the gall and sponge represented in the capsule, the extended scourge in the flower-stalk, its thongs in the red fibres, the crown of thorns in the stamens, the spears in the pointed leaves, and the cross itself remaining hidden. So passes the poet among life's instruments of torture.

But to return again from our digression—must not death at this age, amid these spring-fields, be beautiful and easy?—Far be it from me to censure the anguish of parents, rendered as it were orphans by such bereavements; beholding their own faded ideal, which had bloomed afresh in their sons and daughters, perishing a second time, and themselves twice sinking into old age, by losing in the death of their children, their own return to youth. I would not blame one of those tears with which they grieve over their lost efforts with the brief spring-blossom,

which has dropped off without maturing into fruit for the autumnal harvest. No sorrow occasioned by love—and least of all the parental—is to be condemned. I would not even offer the expostulation—just as it might be—“Dost thou grieve for the withering of the young blossom as something strange, when thou seest the spring itself dying every successive year?”—I would only again ask the question, “Is it not more beautiful for the roses of the cheek to be blanched by death, than by life? Is it not beautiful to die at that age when the youth and the maiden only pass on from the region of the ideal within, to the ideal on high—whither they carry the bright morning dreams and fresh morning hours of their first life, and where a milder sun rises on them than that of their hot earthly working-day?—where, only exchanging a short, for an immortal youth, they have no need to be refreshed after a withered life, which has been dragged on through tedious years of bondage. For them, the angel of death rends asunder at once the rock which bars the resurrection; while the many, like prisoners in cold, dark, stifling, winding catacombs, grope around through lingering days of suffering, in quest of an outlet—must not such a death be most beautiful?”

I answer no!—because in the blossom age there is another still more beautiful—that of the young man upon the battle-field.

Ye throng of parents, sisters, brides, whose former tears these words cause to burst forth anew, (for the tears of the mourners flow longer than the blood of their loved ones)—since ye cannot forget those noble, ardent, blameless, beautiful young hearts which no longer throb upon your bosoms, but lay unknown, promiscuously heaped

with others in one common grave—let your tears flow again, but when ye have wiped them away, endure to look with a firm, calm eye upon your warriors. They did not sink, but rather rose. Father, mother, before he descends look at thy youthful son—not disabled nor shaking under life's consuming jail-fever, with cheerful adieus leaving his friends, full of strength and hope, exempt from the weary, languid sadness of the dying, he plunges into the hot death of battle as into a sun, with a brave heart, able to front hell itself—lofty hopes hovering around him—borne on and wafted by the fiery gales of ambition—the enemy in his eye, his father-land in his heart—falling foes, and falling friends kindling his fire even in the last moment, and the rushing cataract of death covering up the agitated world with mists and brightness and rainbows.—All that is great among men stands divinely bright in his soul, as in a temple of the gods, duty, father-land, freedom, glory. The last wound of earth now pierces his breast; will he who in a thousand battles has felt no pain, perceive that one which comes to take away all feeling? No—between his dying and his immortality not one pain intrudes—his glowing soul would vanquish the severest. His last winged thought is but the glad one, that he has fallen for his country! Upwards he mounts, crowned with garlands of victory, to the wide realm of peace. Yonder he turns not back towards earth and her rewards—his own reward he carries with him on high. But ye who remain here below, may enjoy it; for ye may be assured that no death for the common weal, can be unavailing in God's universe, or void of blessing to the ages and the nations. Ye may dare hope, that from the ashes of the funeral pile of battle, a holy Phœnix

risers, and that the nameless relics of warriors lying in the grave, are the anchors which, unseen, sustain the ship of state.

Parents, will ye still shed tears over your sons? Weep on then; but let your tears be only tears of joy, for the energy of manhood, for the pure sun-flame of youth, for the power of despising life as well as death, ah! and for your own human hearts, which had rather bear the pain of weeping, than part with the joy of spiritual victory. Yes, parents, ye may indeed be proud, ye too have shared the battle, ye too have offered the sacrifice; for in life's cold winter ye have resigned a heart dearer to you than your own, ye have risked it for the great heart of your country, and while the heart of your child stood firm and your own was breaking, ye only wept and wished, but never repented of your sacrifice; and that sacrifice still abides as lasting as your wound."

L. O.

THE SLAVE POET.

THE following poem was written by a negro slave, and is taken from a collection of his poems first published in Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1829, by Gales & Son, and afterwards republished in Philadelphia in 1837. In a preface to the first edition it is stated that these poems were composed by a slave by the name of George, the property of a Mr. James Horton of Chatham county, North Carolina; that many of them had appeared in the Raleigh Register, and that some had found their way into the Boston papers. It further states that the little book was published for the purpose of collecting money

enough from it to emancipate George upon the condition that he should go to Liberia, that these were the *only* terms upon which his friends made this effort in his behalf; it also says he desired to go.

The account states that George could read and was learning to write: that all his pieces were written down by others, that he read at night and at the usual intervals from labor, allowed to slaves, that he was most fond of poetry, that (in the words of the writer) "he had ever been a faithful, honest and industrious slave; that his heart had felt deeply and sensitively in this lowest possible condition of human nature, would easily be believed, and was impressively confirmed by one of his stanzas:

Come melting pity from afar,
And break this vast enormous bar
Between a wretch and thee;
Purchase a few short days of time,
And bid a vassal soar sublime
On wings of liberty."

In the preface to the second edition we learn that poor George was still a slave of the same master, that they did not succeed in getting money enough to purchase him and *banish* him to Liberia. Although he was "good and faithful and industrious," although it was acknowledged that his situation was the "lowest possible condition of human nature, and that his heart felt it deeply and sensitively," yet still he was kept a slave; he was at the first publication of his little book thirty-two years old; he is now forty-eight if he is living. What must his tender poetic heart have endured through these long weary years of bondage. Who can bear to think of his sufferings? Many hearts not long since, on the first of August,

sent up a song of thanksgiving to the God of mercy for the freedom of the English West India slaves, and uttered most fervent prayers that the day may yet come when a shout of joy may go forth and sound through all our land at the liberation of the American slaves—when, without uttering a falsehood, we may say, ‘Go and tell the world America is free’? Children as well as grown people should think of these things.

THE SLAVE'S COMPLAINT.

BY AN AMERICAN SLAVE.

Am I sadly cast aside
On misfortune's rugged tide?
Will the world my pains deride
For ever?

Must I dwell in slavery's night
And all pleasure take its flight
Far beyond my feeble sight
For ever?

Worst of all, must hope grow dim
And withhold her cheering beam?
Rather let me sleep and dream
For ever.

Something still my heart surveys
Groping through this dreary maze;
Is it hope? then burn and blaze
For ever.

Leave me not a wretch confined,
Altogether lame and blind,
Unto gross despair consigned
For ever.

Heaven ! in whom can I confide ?

Canst thou not for all provide ?

Condescend to be my guide

For ever.

And when this transient life shall end,

Oh may some kind eternal friend

Bid me from servitude ascend

For ever.

HOW A MAN SHOULD SETTLE AND CONDUCT HIMSELF ON AN ISLAND.

FROM THE GERMAN.

IN the eastern boundary of Wirtemberg lies a magnificent plain, which we in Bavaria call the Ries. In the southern mountains which surround this grain land, stands a mill in the midst of the woods and far from the nearest village. The builder of it, though he would have been as well pleased to have been in the neighborhood of a church and a public house, could not settle himself according to his own convenience, but was obliged to look for some place in the channel of the brook where he could lay his dam and put up his dwelling without litigation on the part of the millers above and below. The mill-stream there is no niggardly rill, but flows plentifully forth year after year from the subterranean chambers of the mountain.

This mill had been bought more than twenty years since by Conrad Walter, who coming from a province where the Augsburg confession of faith prevailed, sat himself down a Protestant amidst Catholics, not indeed

like Father Abraham among the Egyptians because there was a famine in his own land, but rather like Issachar, of energetic, comfortable, and withal laborious memory. For at that time his heart and that of his wife were something too much upon the good things of this world, and when they bought the mill they thought more of inquiring after the number of customers they were likely to have, than of fellow worshippers of their own faith. They were not a little perplexed therefore when they found after a few days that the nearest church of their own persuasion was full eight miles off. The more the miller and his wife repented having come thus far out of their own religious community without any necessity and merely for the sake of a livelihood, the better they accommodated themselves to their position. George, their only child, a boy of six years old, was placed with the vigilant schoolmaster of Domau, to board and be instructed there, till the time of his confirmation. All the household who had been brought up in the Protestant persuasion walked every Sunday before the miller and his wife to the church in Domau, where their master rented a pew for himself and his servants. He had a bell for prayers put up on the gable end of the mill, and the messenger from Ottingen stood still to listen when for the first time at the hour for evening prayer chimes rung out, while the rooks rose out of the high fir trees and flew round and round the mill till its tongue became silent again. No beggar ever stopped there without carrying away a good gift, and good words therewith. The miller never resorted to the alehouse on Sunday, and thus avoided discussion about things which do not altogether accord with beer, brandy, cards and tobacco.

He was moreover a man of few words, and as we say, like master like man, the mill-clapper was the only noisy thing about the house; in the rooms, the stable, the threshing floor, all went on without any superfluous screaming, cursing or shouting. The meal sacks which the farmers carried home from the mill were fuller than was their wont in the days of the miller who was dead and gone, and the flour better and richer, which the housewives of the neighborhood failed not to commend, after duly deploring and pitying the Lutheran faith of the folks at the mill. On one occasion the little George came from Domau to the green Donnerstag to spend the Easter holidays at home, and brought with him a lad of seven years old whom he had picked up in a neighboring village to play with him, while they lasted. His father and mother made no objection to it, and no one cared about the lad who was an orphan, so he staid, not during the holidays only however, but for ever, without any special arrangement having been entered into by any of the parties to that effect. When however the time for the winter schooling was come, the miller's wife trimmed his hair, put on him a suit of clothes out of which her own boy had shot up like an alder twig in one year, and took him to the nearest Catholic schoolmaster, who lived only half a mile from the mill, so that the little Joseph could travel with ease to and fro between the mill and the schoolhouse. His entrance fee was paid to the schoolmaster's wife in the finest of flour and best of bacon, and she vouchsafed thereupon to grant the request, that the little fellow might eat his mid-day meal in the warm school-room, and that she would keep a careful eye upon him. Within two years Joseph who was dili-

gently helped forward with his studies at home by his foster-mother, had risen to the first form in the school, and the miller's wife in the pride and joy of her heart could not forbear going to the next public examination. All went on admirably; what the other's boy did not know Joseph answered to unhesitatingly; he was first in mental arithmetic, his handwriting was the fairest, and the face of the miller's wife brightened visibly, as his honor the Justice inquired whose child the promising boy was. The parish Priest gave the desired information, but observed in conclusion, that the lad had remained a long while already among heretics, and that some measures ought soon to be taken for the righting of his soul. This speech of the curate fell on the foster-mother like a stream of cold water on a boiler. Her heart, which had swelled with maternal pride, was filled with misgiving, and the tears fell fast from her eyes. After the examination she took her Joseph by the hand and led him silently home. There she complained to the miller of her distress, who calmly replied that the Curate had only spoken according to the spirit of his calling and his church, and that perhaps the words would not be made good in deed. A few days after however the magistrate's servant came to the mill in the wood and demanded the little Joseph. The weeping boy followed the grey-coated serving man, and an excellent opportunity of revenge soon offered itself to the folks at the mill. We shall presently see how they availed themselves of it. One of the former owners of the mill had left by will three hundred guilders, together with the interest thereof, in order when the whole should have reached a sufficient amount, that it should be appropriated to the erection of

a stone crucifix by a foot-path leading across the meadow behind the mill. But before the funds became sufficient, the meadow together with the mill passed from one hand to another without the various purchasers receiving due notice from the trustees, of their obligation to erect upon this property the aforesaid crucifix. It lay therefore entirely at the option of our miller to give his property for that purpose or not. To the Curate, who at the school examination had so troubled the joy of the miller's wife, and so deeply wounded both her and her husband by demanding their boy from them, it seemed therefore impossible, at least at present, that in the very face of these injured and aggrieved people, the holy monument should be erected upon the spot appointed by the testator. He wished however to try the experiment, so he sent for the miller and imparted the matter to him. The party summoned wondered at the evident embarrassment with which the disconcerted Priest brought forward his request, and replied that as no objection had been made to the prayer bell upon his house, he had on his part none to make to the erection of the crucifix.

In the autumn, after the field had been sown and the daisies were beginning to bloom over it, the holy monument was raised, but by the express and by no means secret command of the Curate, so placed that the image of the Crucified turned from, and not towards the neighboring mill.

This gave the miller another vexation to requite, and he did it after his own fashion, by planting three Linden trees, one on the right, one on the left, and the third immediately behind the crucifix. If the friendly reader should ever rest in the shade of these beautiful trees, let

him not forget to bless the memory of him who had read and laid to heart the words—"Recompense to no man evil for evil. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

F. A. B.

DEATH AND THE SICK CHILD.

A LITTLE child lay sick, and Death came and stood by the bedside and looked tenderly upon it. And the child raised its feeble eyes, and fixing them steadily on the visitor, said, "Who art thou that hast thus come unasked around my sick and dying bed? I have never seen thy beautiful form before, nor have I ever gazed upon thy lovely features till now. From whence hast thou come, and what are thy requests? Speak, I entreat you, lovely stranger, and let me know the object of thy mission."

And the spirit-form replied, "I am he whom men call Death. I am the messenger of God, the Almighty Ruler of heaven and earth, and at his bidding I am come to summon thee to leave earth, and all its pleasures—to leave your kind parents and all who are near and dear to you here, and to conduct you through the dark and shadowy portals of the grave to the eternal mansions of bliss and glory of my heavenly Lord and Master. Fear not, gentle child, for thou shalt be safe under my guidance, and I will even take thee in my arms and carry thee over the dark and dreary abyss which we must pass ere we enter the spirit-land. I will not leave thee nor for-

sake thee till I have conducted thee to the end of that journey, from whose bourn no traveller can ever return. I will not leave thee till I have placed thee in the bosom of Him whose messenger I am."

The child answered, "Can it be that thou art Death? Can it be that thou art he whom I have heard represented as a grim and terrible monster? Can it be that thou art he whom so many fear and dread, and whose very approach fills them with terror and alarm? Why is it, O Death, that thou art represented as a grim and terrible monster? Why is it that thou art thus feared and dreaded? Why is it that the sight of thee fills mortal men with such disquietude and terror? Why is it that thou art considered so great a scourge to the human race? Thou dost not appear terrible to me. I have no fear in thy presence. Thou dost appear to me like a lovely angel. Thy form is most beautiful, and thy countenance seems lit up with a peaceful and heavenly smile. When I have heard thee spoken of, I have dreaded to meet thee, for, if thou hadst been what thou art represented to be, I should have shrunk away from thy sight; but now that I have seen thee, and know that thou art not that *grim old one* whom I expected to meet, I am willing to go with thee, to thy Master's house of many mansions, which thou sayest is situated beyond the grave's dark valley; and I am willing to trust myself in thy arms while we shall pass through this shadowy vale; but tell me first why thou art so terrible a monster to *men*, and yet art not terrible to me."

And Death said, "It is only to the wicked and sinful that I appear as a grim monster. It is only as the base and vicious see me that I am terrible. I am dreaded by

those only who have not served my Master in a manner acceptable in his sight. But to thee, O sinless child, I appear in my true character. To thee, all pure and spotless as thou art, I appear what I really am, the messenger of God. Thou hast never known the paths of sin, and therefore to thee I bring no sting. Thou art like those whom my Master's Son took in his arms and said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and when men become all holy and sinless as thou art, I shall no longer be terrible to them. I shall no longer appear to them that grim monster which I now do. But come, the angelic host stand on the verge of heaven awaiting your arrival. Trust yourself to me, and I will carry you to your peaceful, happy, eternal home."

Thus the child bid adieu to earth without a sigh, and was welcomed to the throne of God by the united songs of "all the heavenly host." G. F. C.

ELLEN SEWARD;

OR,

"A PLACE FOR EVERY THING, AND EVERY THING IN ITS PLACE."

[CONCLUDED.]

SOME years had passed, and the school-boy, George, had been invested with the dignity of eldest clerk in the counting-room of a merchant. No more coasting or cricket for him; he was counting how few years must pass before he could prove his manly right by admission.

among voters. The round jacket had grown into a coat, and the juvenile cap stiffened to a brimmed hat ; the careless days of boyhood, with disregard of personal appearance and freedom from formalities, had glided by, and the young gentleman was becoming solicitous that his collars should be of the latest cut, and his coat of the most approved color ; while his family were making frequent, most unaccountable blunders in speaking of his companions as " boys," instead of " gentlemen." But with these changes came no change over that strong bond of fraternal affection which united him to Ellen ; they had been very dear to each other as children ; added years but gave new strength to their affections ; they could still slide and play checkers together, with as much relish as if it had been two boys or two girls ; they were still interested in each other's occupations, and each sympathized in the other's feelings and opinions.

He came home one evening, his face radiant with delight ; snapping his fingers, as if in glee too great for words, he twirled Ellen round the room, overturned Mary's work-basket from the table, and then exclaimed, " Father ! Mother ! such good news ! give me joy."

When his hilarity had sufficiently subsided to allow him to be intelligible, he explained its cause. It appeared that the merchants in whose store he had been for some years, were preparing a large brig to sail in a few weeks for Manilla ; the return-cargo would be a very valuable one, the whole voyage very important, and they had expressed their confidence in him by offering him the situation of sole supercargo. It was a most tempting offer in a pecuniary point of view, and one which gratified his most sanguine anticipations for the commence-

ment of his mercantile life. Ellen, with ready sympathies, entered at once into his feelings, was as glad as he could wish her to be in his bright prospects, and expressed all the warmth of her sudden joy, nor was it till a glance at the face of Mary, hastily brushing away a tear that she might not disturb George's rejoicing, and at her mother's forced attempts to smile, that she thought of the full significance of the intelligence. It came to her with such vividness as to cause a total revulsion of feeling; and locking her arm in her brother's, she exclaimed, "No, George, you will not leave us! You must never go to sea! What should we all do without you?"

George's ardor was for a moment chilled by this unexpected change in his sister; he began to look rather disappointed, when his father, who had stood by, no uninterested observer of the whole, came to his assistance.

"Let us all enjoy George's pleasant prospects, and intrude no selfish regrets of our own, my daughter, to cloud their brightness to him. That which brings him success and happiness, becomes, for that reason, a source of happiness to us."

Mr. Seward then expatiated upon the advantages of such a situation, the high regard for his fidelity and capacity which it proved on the part of his employers, and made many inquiries about the vessel, which the young merchant asserted to be the handsomest, staunchest, best equipped vessel that ever doubled the Cape. His mother and sisters were so interested in the conversation, that they gradually joined in it with great cheerfulness, and listened to all the plans which had been formed for him by the owners, or which crowded upon his own fancy; but when he mentioned the probable time of sailing,

a sigh, instantly suppressed, was heard from one of the group.

The time between this announcement and his departure was spent by Mrs. Seward and her daughters in active preparation of things needful for the voyage ; his sea-chest was to be stocked for a long absence, with articles for heat or cold ; and their inventive faculties were in constant exercise to omit nothing which might conduce to his convenience and comfort.

"One thing, Ellen, I especially need ; a sailor cannot do without something to keep his needles, thread, buttons, &c. in ; so I must have a—a—what do you call it ?"

"A thread-case, you mean," replied Ellen ; "and I will make one for you."

"So do ; and whenever I put on my thimble and sit down to sew on a button, or mend a rent in my jacket, I will imagine that it is you working for me, and so really enjoy my tailoring. Take care to get the thimble large enough for my finger ; let me have some black silk to sew on my shirt-buttons, if they break off, for that will be stronger than thread ; and let me have one of your emery bags too, that I can draw the silk through, if it gets knotty."

Ellen laughed at him for his fanciful button-work, and hoped he would learn that wax was better than emery for knotted silk ; she promised to give him a few lessons in the use of the articles belonging to a seamstress, and meantime applied herself to fitting out a handsome and complete thread-case for him, omitting nothing which she thought it possible he could need. He watched the progress of her work, took great interest in it, proved him-

self an apt scholar in the use of the various materials, till the little case acquired for both of them a worth far beyond its real value ; Ellen felt that she was weaving kind remembrances, tender thoughts of herself into its form, as she worked upon it, sometimes smiling, sometimes tearful ; while to George, as the last thing which his dear Ellen could do for him for many months, it seemed almost like a living link between them, which could speak eloquently of her affectionate thoughtfulness of his comfort.

Thursday was the day appointed for the sailing of the *Sterling*, and on Wednesday afternoon the thread-case was completed. The trunk into which Mrs. Seward had carefully packed George's clothes stood open on his chamber floor, and as Ellen rolled up the case for the last time after assuring herself that every thing appropriate was in it, her mother told her exactly in what corner, beneath what articles to place it, that it might correspond to the regular list of the contents of the trunk she had written. Ellen left the room to place it as directed.

The wind proved fair on Thursday morning, and George bade a lingering adieu to the dear household, from whom he had never before been separated longer than the few weeks of school vacation. Ellen felt, as she parted from him, a grief too intense for words, and her heart sank as she heard his last step in the house, and thought how many months must pass ere that welcome tread should again bring gladness to the family-circle. A note by the pilot was greeted as from a long absent friend, and the cheerful tone in which it was written, with an affectionate message to each, raised the spirits of all. Mr. Seward replied to their inquiries of how

long it would be before they could have another letter, that nothing was more uncertain than what intelligence might be expected from a vessel bound on an India voyage. She might reach her port without having opportunity to give letters to any vessel returning home, or they might hear from her a number of times. He added that a vessel would sail for Manilla in ten days, and then they could send to George as many letters as they pleased. Ellen, to whom it seemed that he had already been absent for months, determined to begin hers the next morning; for she had left unsaid so many things that she wished to say to him before leaving them, that she had already enough to fill some sheets.

Some weeks after this time, as Maria was washing the china-closet and arranging its various contents, she removed some waiters which always stood in one place, and had not been used for some time; in doing so, something heavy dropped upon the floor, and Ellen, who was near, stooping down, picked up—George's thread-case! An exclamation of mingled surprise and disappointment burst from her lips, as it appeared before her in this unwelcome manner. To her mother's inquiries of how it could have come there, she could only reply at first with an unfeigned expression of wonder. They sat down to recall the circumstances of the time when it should have been placed in the trunk. Mrs. Seward reminded her of the directions she gave her as she rolled it up completed; she recollected these; and gradually it dawned upon her that, in leaving the parlor, she passed through the china-closet, and laid the thread-case upon a shelf while she drank some water; that hearing Emma's voice, she had gone back to the parlor, leaving the case upon

the shelf till the next time she should go up stairs, which she thought would be quite as well ; and from that moment she had not thought of it. Some person going into the closet in the dark had probably pushed it behind the waiters, where it remained unobserved.

"It has come over me many and many a time since George left us," said she sadly, "that there was something for him I ought to have done ; I have been puzzled to remember what it could be ; but I never could get hold of the truth ; it seemed just to flit near my thoughts, but to give me no chance to seize upon it ; till now this comes like the spirit of a murdered pleasure to reproach me ;" and she placed the case in her mother's hand, as if she could not bear to see or touch it. "I did feel," continued she, "that I had had enough to cure me of this mischievous habit ; but"—here her voice failed, and her kind mother, compassionating her sincere distress, tried to suggest soothing thoughts. But the day of this discovery became the sad era of one of those remembrances of regret which haunt us all our lives through, whispering their solemn word to the inward ear even in merry hours ; too sacred to be repelled, yet cherished with sighs.

Seven months had passed, and a vessel was daily expected from Manilla, by which they would probably receive letters. "No Czarina yet, father?" was the interrogation each day when Mr. Seward entered the house ; "what a dull sailer she must be !"

"All in good time, my daughter ; we cannot control the winds, and we may as well wait patiently for what they will bring us."

At length the expected vessel arrived, and brought the desired information ; letter upon letter from George to

each member of the family, not omitting Emma, who being already nine years old had written her uncle a very neat letter. The letters were read and read again, sometimes by one alone, and sometimes in the assembled family; all agreed in thinking that George was enjoying his business and his voyage, however longingly he might desire to see and hear the dear home-friends. He wrote much of the ample provision for all his wants which he had found in his trunks; but concluded one letter with, "There is something which I have not yet found; I feel as if it could not have been forgotten; yet I do not see anything of it. Perhaps I may come across it yet; if not, I will tell you what it is."

The tears gathered too blindingly fast in Ellen's eyes to allow her to finish this sentence at once; and afterwards in the frequent readings of the letters, she found herself always passing these lines unread, though not unnoticed.

Finally signals announced that the Sterling was approaching, and Mr. Seward sent a message to communicate the joyful news to his family. All was excitement and bustle; every one felt very busy, though there was nothing to do but to wait; the kind, faithful Maria brought her dusting cloth into the parlor, and gave another polish to the chairs and tables, though all had been arranged for the day some hours before; Mrs. Seward opened many drawers and cupboards, but could not quite recollect what she had expected to find in them; Mary went three times to the upper chamber, to look from the window which once commanded a view of the harbor, but opposite which a house had been, since some months, built, intercepting all view of the shipping; Ellen listened, till

her heart seemed ready to leap out of her mouth, to every step on the pavement, certain each passing one sounded like George's. The delay became painful in this overflowing gladness of expectation ; they all had seated themselves, looking alternately in each other's face and that of the clock, when they were startled by the appearance of Mr. Seward, whose approach they had not heard. He entered with a face so calm, yet so different in its whole expression from their feelings, that it told the whole story at once. Claspings them successively in his arms, he uttered no word ; but the silent anguish of the mother's countenance and the irrepressible emotion of the sisters, proved how needless all words were at that moment. When the first bitter stroke had been received, he commanded his voice, and said, " Our dear boy has found a more blessed Home. Angels have welcomed him whom we thought to receive."

They were too much excited to listen to more at that time ; but he afterwards stated to them such circumstances as he had received from the Captain of the *Sterling*, when, elated with the expectation of immediately meeting his son, he had stepped on board the vessel, as she touched the wharf, only to find that the broad Atlantic had received, into its liquid depths, that beloved form. George had become ill soon after leaving Manilla, but not severely so ; he was well enough to be on deck, and enjoy many things ; but a few days after passing the Cape of Good Hope, a fever seized him, and after three days illness and a gentle delirium, he departed to the Spirit-Land.

" And never have I had the fortune," added the Captain, " to meet with a nobler young man. There was

not a dry eye among my crew, as they lowered his remains into the ocean to their last rest ; for they all loved and honored him."

Mr. Seward gave the family no further particulars that evening. The Captain visited them in a few days, and related many little circumstances to which they listened with unspeakable interest ; events which occurred during the last days of his illness, trivial in themselves, but important to those stricken hearts ; all the words he uttered, the messages which in lucid moments he sent home.

"One thing seemed particularly to weigh upon his mind, though he did not at any time distinctly state it to me ; often in his wandering moments, he would ask me to look for something, I could not understand what, and then say to himself, "I hope Ellen did put it in the right place." I tried most carefully to discover his meaning, but feared to disturb him with questions."

The meaning, hidden from the kind attendant of her brother's last illness, flashed with its whole bitter import upon the mind of poor Ellen ; she writhed under his words ; and many a year after, the torturing reflection was still present with her that, through a foolish habit, she had failed to fulfil the last request which she had ever heard from her beloved brother. It might have been only a trifling inconvenience that he had felt from the want of the thread-case ; perhaps he might not have needed it once through the voyage ; yet he had asked her to give it to him, and she had not done so ; and in the hours of his failing strength, the effects of a habit she had so often been warned against when a child, but in vain, had perplexed and disturbed one who was dearer to her than all the world beside. The thought was agonizing to her.

With what deep satisfaction would she, had it been permitted her, have soothed his last earthly hours, ministered to his every want, and whispered words of peace and sympathy to the spirit while freeing itself from this mortal coil. But instead of this she felt, in the exaggeration of her remorse and self-reproaches, that her image had only appeared at his bed-side as an evil spirit to vex and disturb him; and when the lapse of time had softened down, not obliterated, the traces of these harrowing emotions, ever mingling with the manifold cherished recollections of their happy intercourse came, indistinctly but sadly, the thought of something unfulfilled on her part.

H. E. S.

A LITTLE WORD.

FROM THE LIBERATOR.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion, or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thought you bring,
The heart may heal or break.

OUR LITTLE CHURCH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMACHER.

Oh, only see how sweetly there
Our little church is gleaming !
The golden evening sunshine fair
On tower and roof is streaming.
How soft and tranquil all around !
Where shall its like on earth be found ?

Through the green foliage white and clear
It peeps out all so gaily
Round on our little village here
And down through all the valley.
Well pleased it is, as one may see
With its own grace and purity.

Not always does it fare so well,
When tempests rage and riot,—
Yet even then the little bell
Speaks out : “ ’Twill soon be quiet !
Though clouds look black and pour down rain
The sunshine, brighter, comes again.”

And when the organ shines and sounds,
With silver pipes all glistening,
How every heart, then, thrills, and bounds,
And earth and heaven seem listening.
Such feelings in each bosom swell !
But what he feels no one can tell.

Oh, see in evening's golden fire
Its little windows gleaming !
Bright as a bride in gay attire
With flowers and jewels beaming,
Aye, look now ! how it gleams and glows,
Fair as an apricot or rose !

Within our little church shows quite—
Believe me—quite as neatly.
The little benches, blue and white,
All empty look so sweetly !
On Sunday none is empty found—
There's no such church the wide world round!

See where against the pillared wall
The pulpit high is builded,
Well carved and planned by master-hand,
All polished bright and gilded.
Then comes the parson, undismayed,
They wonder he is not afraid.

But he stands up a hero, there,
And leads them on to Heaven,—
Through all this world of sin and care,—
The flock his God has given,
Soft falls his word as dew comes down
On a dry meadow parched and brown.

But see, the sun already sinks,
And all the vale is darkling,
Only our little spire still blinks
With day's last golden sparkling.
How still and sacred all around !
Where shall a church like ours be found ?

C. T. B.

In Christianity is the principle of eternal youth, undecaying childhood, nay Christianity is the principle of eternal childhood itself. Therefore in instructing children in Christianity, remember that you teach them not as if it were a foreign tongue, but the native language of their minds, the language of love. C. FOLLEN.

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C. FOLLEN.

AN ADDRESS TO A SUNDAY SCHOOL ON AN EXCURSION.

If I were to invite you to a game at "Follow the Leader," would you follow me?

Or, suppose we stood by the grape-vine, and I, being a little taller than you, should offer to reach you down some grapes; would you hold yourselves ready to receive them?

I do not exactly intend, however, to scamper over the fields, with you after me. But I have, in my mind, a certain train of thought, though which, if I can *lead*, and you will *follow*, we shall both, perhaps, be the better for our run.

And then, alas for us! there are no grapes hanging from these trees. Yet if I can succeed in giving you some thoughts, tending to please and inform your minds, perhaps the pleasure and benefit may be as abiding, as if rich clusters of purple and green were really handed down to you.

My subject then, is, the Pleasures of Life, and if you are willing, you may prepare for what sailors call "a regular built yarn."

Once upon a time, a little boy sat in a garden, eating cherries. The day was hot; the cherries were juicy and sweet; and the little boy ate them with very great delight. It pleases me only to think while I write, how thoroughly the little boy enjoyed eating his cherries, on the hot summer's day.

While he was eating the cherries, his sister called to him. "Oh Charley! here are such beautiful butterflies,

do come and see them." So Charley leaves the cherries, and runs to his sister to see the butterflies. They watch them, and catch them; and they form various plans for keeping caterpillars, and feeding them with the right kind of leaves, till they shall change into chrysalids, and the chrysalids into butterflies. "Only to think," says the young lady, "that a creeping serpent should become a beautiful bird! yet the change is as great from a caterpillar to a butterfly." The light-hearted girl was trying, I think, to make a little song; for as she tripped to and fro, you might hear the words,

From a chrysalid tomb, these crawling things
Shall rise, full of joy, on beautiful wings."

They were very busy chasing the butterflies, when, looking into a neighboring field, they saw one of Charley's playfellows fall out of a tree. At once, they left the butterflies, and ran to see what was the matter. They found Tommy, (for we must give him a name,) a good deal hurt. He said he wished to go home, but was sure he could not walk by himself. So the young lady says, "Charles, hadn't you better go with him, and help him to walk?" "That I will," says Charley; and without thinking any more about cherries or butterflies, off he goes with his lame playfellow.

After he came back from helping Tommy home, several of the family laughed at him good-humoredly, for losing his cherries and butterflies. "I don't care," said he: "to be sure I am tired enough, and worse than that, Tommy was so cross all the way, I could do nothing to please him. Yet I am right glad I went and helped the poor fellow. You may laugh, if you like, but I can tell you, I am better pleased than if I had a bushel of cher-

ries and a million of butterflies." I do not doubt, Charley's dreams that night were as pleasing as those of a little boy I once knew, who said, "Oh papa! I have been dreaming a prettier story than you ever told me."

By these little events, I wish to point out three kinds of pleasures, which we may seek after and enjoy. The cherries yielded Charley the pleasures of *sense*:—in watching the butterflies, he and his sister enjoyed the pleasures of the *mind*: and the fall from the tree, may be said to have offered them the pleasures of *duty* and *benevolence*. In other words, the cherries, the butterflies, and the apple-tree, form a kind of hop-step-and-jump, which you will do well to bear in mind, if you intend rightly to *follow your leader*.

He acts wisely who leaves the pleasures of sense, to seek the pleasures of the mind; and he does right, who forgets all other pleasures, for the sake of doing a kind and good action. I praise young Charley, for leaving his cherries, to join his sister in following the butterflies; but when he cheerfully leaves both cherries and butterflies, to help his lame companion, though I am very willing to praise him, I know he needs no praise from me. His own heart rewards him by telling him he has done what is right.

The pleasures of duty are of very high value: but it is worth our while to know, that like other valuable things, they are not to be had for nothing. To earn them, it is necessary to exercise self-denial, to endure labor and fatigue, and, it may be, even danger and pain. Thus Charley denied himself the cherries and butterflies; he denied himself in bearing so kindly with Tommy's ill temper; and he must have worked hard, to come home,

as he did, quite tired out. If he had been a bad and selfish boy, he might have said, "And so Tommy has fallen out of the tree. Well, what do I care? I shall go and eat my cherries, and next time Tommy wants to climb, I hope he will take tighter hold!"

Perhaps it will appear I am making much ado about small matters. The matters *are* small, but they relate to a little boy; and from little boys, we must not expect great things. And again, good dispositions are like plants, which, though very small at first, yet will, if taken good care of, grow large and stately, and bear beautiful flowers. Should Charley's character and disposition improve as they ought, he will be ready, by and bye, to give up greater things than cherries and butterflies, and to do greater acts of benevolence, than helping a playfellow to walk home.

I might here stop to shew you how bad dispositions also grow, if they are not checked and banished from the mind, just as poisonous weeds grow broad and high, in a neglected garden. But as I wish to keep on the bright and sunny side, we will allow the darker parts of the picture to continue in the shade.

Speaking of a picture reminds me, that I wish to shew you a picture of benevolence *full-grown*; only you will have to look at it with the eye of the mind, because we could not easily hang it up in the trees. So here it is. What do you see in the distance?

"The walls of a fortified city."

"Well—we need not mind the walls. As we look with the mind's eye, we can use what very learned men call *clairvoyance*, and go right into the city."

"Oh me! what a tidy place! The street is as clean as our Dinah's kitchen-floor. And look at the water, and the rows of trees!"

"Yes, my child, this is a cleaner city than New York. That water is a canal through the street."

"And what odd names on the signs! 'Knickerbocker,' 'Ten Eyck,' 'Ten Broeck,'—why these must be some of the men you read such funny stories about, in the History of New York."

"If you had said some of their forefathers, you would not be so far out of the way."

"I see the word 'Zutphen' in a great many places—what does that mean?"

"Most likely it is the name of the city; you may go and ask that broad-set gentleman you see smoking on the stoop."

"He says, 'Yaw Mynheer!'"

"That is his way of saying *yes*. But tell me now what you see outside the town."

"It seems to be a hot day, and they are playing at soldiers. I guess it is the fourth of July."

"No, no, that won't do. There were no fourth of July's in those days. The soldiers are not playing; they are fighting, as you will see if you look more closely. But I am not going to

"Tell you all about the war,
And what they killed each other for,"

because I do not know, and I suppose the poor fellows did not know themselves. Look at the foreground of the picture: what do you see there?"

"I see some officer or other, carried on a litter. He is very pale—perhaps he is dying. And a little way off

is a poor soldier, who seems very ill too: he is looking up at the officer."

"Yes! you are right. The officer is Sir Philip Sidney, the commander of the English army. He has been mortally wounded, and they are carrying him out of the battle."

"What is he pushing that bottle away for?"

"It was a hot day, and the pain of his wound made him complain of faintness and thirst. They got him some water, with great difficulty, as you may see from their offering it to him in a bottle. Just as he was going to drink, a poor soldier was carried by. He also was wounded and thirsty, and he cast a longing look on the bottle of water. You see Sidney putting the bottle away without drinking, and he is saying, 'Give it to the poor soldier: his necessity is greater than mine.' Now, my child, what do you learn from the picture?"

"I think it was very kind indeed of Sir Philip Sidney, to give up the water to a poor soldier, when he needed it so much himself. Will you now tell me, sir, what you *wish* me to learn from all this?"

"To be sure I will. First, look back to the early life of Sidney. If he was so humane and generous a man, he must, I think, have been a very good and amiable boy. Do you not suppose he would very quickly have left the cherries, to help him who fell from the tree? Then look forward to your own future life, and consider, that if you will now be amiable and thoughtful for others, you too will be likely to grow up a kind and noble-hearted man. But there is one circumstance in the picture that puzzles me: can you guess what it is?"

"I don't know indeed, unless it is something about the war. You said you knew nothing about it."

"I am puzzled to think how it can be, that Sir Philip Sidney should be so kind and pitiful to one poor soldier, when, only an hour ago, (so to speak,) he was willing to kill men by hundreds."

"Perhaps he did not think it cruel to kill men, if there were a good many of them."

"I am afraid the difficulty is too great for you and me; so we will leave it. It will do for a subject to think upon. Suppose now we take a walk in New York and Brooklyn.—Do you notice, that we meet some ladies now and then, in a singular black dress?"

"Yes, I have often seen them, but I don't think they are fashionable ladies, because they sometimes carry a bundle."

"Indeed! So you don't like to see the bundle! Yet if we were to use our *clairvoyance* again, we might find out what is inside, and what it is for; and then, I am quite sure, we should gladly forgive the lady in black for carrying it. These excellent ladies are of the Roman Catholic religion: they are called 'Sisters of Charity,' or 'Ladies of the Sacred Heart,' and they try to spend all their time in doing good. They carry food and clothing to the destitute, medicine to the sick, comfort to those who are in sorrow. Though none have a better right to wear beaming smiles and bright array, yet the 'lady of the sacred heart' goes forth in a gloomy dress, and with a dismal countenance, on errands of beautiful benevolence. While the beautiful and the gay join the song and the dance, and aim to shine amid the ball-room's midnight splendor, our 'Sister of Charity,'

by a small 'taper's trembling light,' is watching the yet more flickering lamp of life, in poverty's dreary home. These are the ladies, who, when they were children, would have left the pursuit of butterflies, the favorite game, and the pleasant song, to pity and relieve a sick friend, so far as they had the power. Hence I say to you, young people, in the midst of your enjoyments, learn to be mindful of the sufferings and privations of others. It is pleasant to enjoy the summer pic-nic, and the winter sleigh-ride; yet they shall gain a higher reward, and a purer joy, who lessen the sorrow, or add to the happiness of their fellow-beings. Happy children! take your fill of the overflowings of abounding joyfulness; yet pause sometimes to think, that there are children, as young, perhaps as innocent as you, who go through many hardships and sorrows. Have we not seen, in the streets of the city, their little naked feet, patting the cold stones, on a bitter winter's day? And in other less favored lands, little boys and girls may be seen, who have been carefully taught how to beg, perhaps to steal, to gain their daily bread.

But hark! I hear guns upon the sea!—What has happened?—A French privateer has taken an English merchant vessel, and made prisoners of the captain, crew and passengers, who are soon afterwards cast into a French dungeon. Here they suffer severely from hunger, and from disease caused by the want of food and fresh air. Among these prisoners is JOHN HOWARD. Now it is not uncommon for suffering and privation to render a person selfish and unfeeling; but Howard learned, from what he endured in the French prison, to feel so deeply for those exposed to similar sufferings,

that he devoted the greater part of the remainder of his life to efforts for their relief.

In the execution of his great design, he travelled through many countries. He twice visited that country which is called 'the garden of Europe.' It is the land of beauty and of song; the land of lofty mountains and of lovely valleys; the land of the blue sky and the sunny clime. Who would not be joyful in this flowery land? Yet Howard passed through it in sadness of heart. What to him was the beauty of the landscape, so long as the fairest and noblest part of God's creation, that is to say, human kind, suffered pining poverty, the darkness of ignorance and superstition, and cruel oppression?

While other travellers stood to gaze at the grandeur of lofty temples, he knocked for admittance to the prison-house: while they walked through galleries of statues and paintings, he was passing through the wards of the fever hospital; while they were out in the broad sunlight, he was down in the dark, damp dungeon underground, ay, and under the sea,* soothing the poor prisoner who lay in misery there. The ruins of ancient Rome, and the remains of tombs, temples and cities of nations elder than old Rome, he passed unheeded by. So exclusively had he made it his mission to relieve the woes of his fellow men, that all the beauties of ancient and modern art, all the treasures and delights of music, painting, poetry, and architecture, were thrown utterly into the shade, and lost their charms for him.†

What think you now, young people, was the early life of Howard? Would he have left the cherries suddenly,

* The "Pozzi" of Venice.

† See Foster's Essay on "Decision of Character."

if he had heard of the accident to his schoolfellow ? Yes, indeed ! and not only so, but I suppose, that in his haste and energy, he would have thrown plate and cherries all away together !

I believe it was the wife of John Howard, who said, that when any affliction pressed heavily upon her, she was accustomed to go abroad, and seek out the poor and unhappy ; and, that in relieving them, she herself obtained valuable aid and consolation.

Howard's last journey was into Russia ; and he intended to pass through Turkey and Persia, laboring all the way in behalf of those suffering from the plague, and from that worse than plague, the cruel tyranny of the east. But at Cherson, on the north shore of the Black Sea, in visiting a lady who was ill of a contagious fever, he himself took the disease, which, in a few days closed his labors and his life. He died far from his country and his home, yet it was near to the gate of heaven ; and at the

“ Great day, for which all other days were made,”
he shall surely be found, in the first and foremost rank of that great assembly, to whom the Saviour will say, “ Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you : for I was sick and in prison, and ye came unto me : yes, ye came unto me ; for, in that ye did it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me.” H.

THE GOOD NIGHT KISS.

It was a bright moonlight evening ; the stars were looking down with clear eyes from the sky ; the wind was whispering among the trees, and all things were full of

peace. I was sitting on the porch-steps silently enjoying the scene, when presently I heard a voice gently calling my name: the voice came from the chamber over the porch. I answered it by going up into the room where lay in bed a little friend of mine; he said, as soon as I entered, "I only wanted to give you a kiss before I went to sleep." The little fellow was lying with the moon shining full upon him, and his small chamber was all lighted up with this beautiful lamp of the sky; he looked very peaceful and happy as he lay there, and I was very glad to take his last kiss. As there was much talking and laughing below, I thought he would wish me to stay by him to amuse him; but no, he did not wish to keep me from my friends, and seemed very well contented to be alone; but when I bade him good night I did not feel as if I had left him alone; it seemed as I looked in his face as if I had left him in very pleasant company. He was not only visited by the gentle moon, but by cheerful thoughts, and I imagined that he had through the day been kind to his companions and obedient to his mother, and was now calling up before him some of the many pleasant things he had been enjoying. He was not then old enough to know why he felt so peaceful; that the same Being who had made his room so beautiful and his bed feel so comfortable to him, had also made him happy when he was good, and was always with him when he went to bed, and when he awoke ever ready to smile upon him. He did not then understand that when we do right, even in the smallest things, we begin to be angels here on earth, and that this is the way to heaven. How pleasant a thing it is for a child at the end of a day not to feel ashamed of what he has done, but to take pleasure in thinking that he is a child of God.

S. C. C.

